L'Espionage Magazine

Volume Six: Summer 2023

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Cover picture: Russian T-72 tank destroyed by a NLAW missile in Ukraine.

If you have a submission for the ***L'Espionage Magazine*** feel free to contact the Editor in Chief at

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com.

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Analysis shows that almost 40% of the Russian tank and vehicle losses in Ukraine are due to the NLAW antitank ordinance.

L'Espionage Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is proud to publish the sixth edition of ***L'Espionage Magazine***.

In this edition William Webster from New York provides an overview of the deteriorating demographic and economic situation in Russia. An article about the mounting tank losses in Russia's invasion of Ukraine is outlined. Analysis shows that almost 40% of the tank and vehicle losses are due to the NLAW.

A copy of the public release from the International Criminal Court in the Hague relating to President Putin's ICC warrant is outlined. This week the President of Russia decided not to attend an economic conference in South Africa for fear that the South African Government who are sigantors to the ICC Treaty would be required to detain him.

The ***L'Espionage Magazine*** board is comprised of the unpaid volunteers: Please feel free to send your short story, essays or article submissions to the Editor in Chief at

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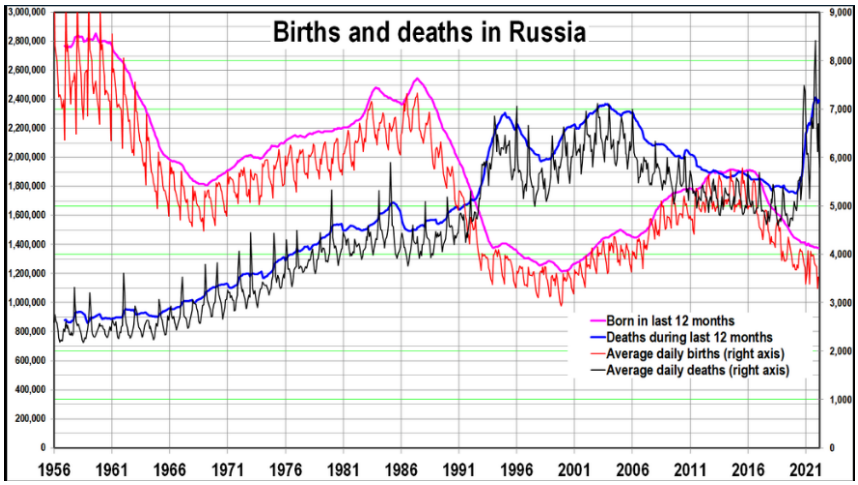
There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Articles about True Events

The Decline of Russia under Vladimir Putin by William Webster

[**New York**] In any measure or in any category, life under Vladimir Putin over the past twenty three years of his rule has meant decline for Russia.

Far from being a builder of a modern country he has become a destructor of the remnants of a 19th century nation. With a population of 145 million (excluding Crimea) it is in rapid demographic, economic and social decline compared to its neighbors to its West or to its Southeast.

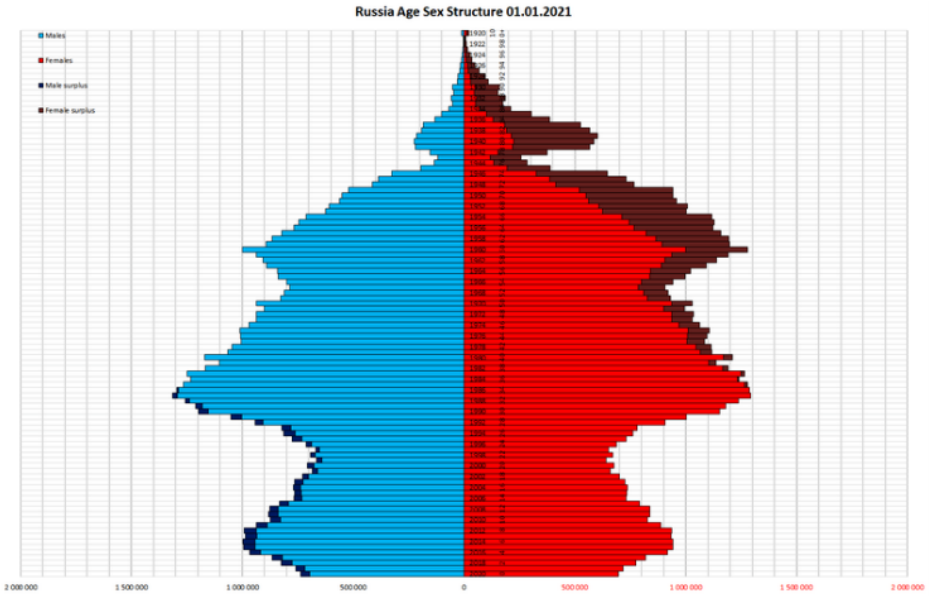


Birth and Deathsin Russia (1956 to 2021)

The death rate is on the increase in Russia, even if you do not include mortalities due to the Russia-Ukraine conflict. The daily death rate in Russia is the highest it has been since the end of the Second World War (what the Russians call the Great Patriotic War).

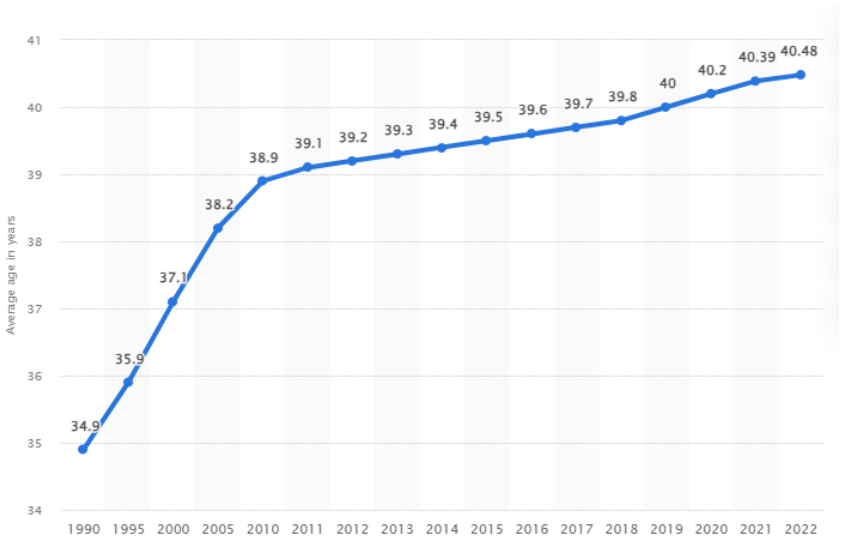
The birth rate is today lower than it has been in Russia in the past seventy five years. The rate of marriages are down and declining fast and the rate of illegitimate children being born is on the increase. The spread of sexually transmitted diseases is up in Russia, especially in Putin's home town of St. Petersburg and in Moscow.

In terms of human demographics, the population of Russia is rapidly aging, more so now than at any time in the past eighty five years. You read the tree from the bottom for the young to the top for the elderly



Age Tree for Russia 2021 (wiki)

The average age of Russians is on an increase which means that there is an aging crisis with fewer and fewer working age individuals able to contribute to the GDP.



Average of Age of Russians 1990 – 2022 (Statista)

According to website *Worldometer* the official death count due to Covid-19 in Russia has reached 400,000, while the unofficial counts is closer to 800,000 which is twice the official figure. Many natural deaths in Russian over the past four years that have been attributed to alcoholism, smoking, cardiac and pulmonary complications were instead caused by Covid, with other health complications.

A close look at 2023 data from Russia indicates a resurgence of Covid-19 cases, particularly in regions that border the People's Republic of China. It is estimated that Russia is still experiencing around 4,000 – 4,500 deaths a month due to Covid and will realize nearly 55,000 Covid deaths in the twelve months of 2023.

The Russian Covid-19 vaccine appears to have been developed from a reverse engineering of the Oxford Astra-Zeneca vaccine. In 2021 the UK

Government stated on the public record that there was clear evidence that Russian spies purloined proprietary information about the Oxford Astra-Zeneca vaccine from UK labs in 2019 and then rushed their copied version of the vaccine, *Sputnik*, into the marketplace. The UK Government stated on the public record that this was a clear case of State sponsored industrial espionage in the medical field.

With regards to Putin's war with Ukraine, during the first year of that conflict it appears that starting with around 250,000 regular and irregular soldiers in February 2022, Russian regular and paramilitary units have lost 50,000 killed and have had over 180, 000 wounded according to US sources (Feb 2022 – May 2023) . That represents a loss rate of over 90%. The number of Russian regular and paramilitary killed in the first year in the Russian-Ukraine conflict is over ***three*** times the number killed in Afghanistan.

For the period Feb 2022 to July 2023 the total number of Russian deaths in Putin's war with Ukraine is 74,000 and wounded is 243,000 according to the BBC. With an additional mobilization of around 200,000 conscripts and volunteers the total loss rate is still rather high, around 70%. The number of Russian regular and paramilitary killed since the start of the Russian-Ukraine conflict is ***five*** times the number killed in Afghanistan. The Russians are losing over 400 casualties a day in Ukraine.

In contrast during the entire ten year deployment of Russian troops to Afghanistan from they saw 15,000 deaths and 35,000 wounded. Only 115,000

Russian troops were deployed to Afghanistan. The loss rate for that deployment was less than 45 %. The death rate was less than 15%.

In the economic realm the Russian economy is in a free fall. At the beginning of the Russian – Ukraine conflict in February 2022 Russia was ranked as the 11th largest economy in the world. It has now slipping down the ranks. Only oil exports keeps Russia from dropping further down the rankings. A price cap is in place for Russian oil exports. Many countries have now banned the import of Russian oil.

In June, Russia's Finance Ministry reported that revenue from oil-and-gas taxes fell 36% compared to a year ago to about 571 billion rubles, and that profits from crude and petroleum exports tumbled 31% to 426 billion rubles.

In July 2023 Moscow's central bank posted a 93% year-on-year drop in its current-account surplus for the April-June quarter. It fell from a record $76.7 billion to $5.4 billion. Car sales in Russia are down 75%.

Russia's Ruble slumped to a 15-month low of 94.48 against the dollar earlier in July, triggered by capital flight, shrinking tax revenues, and declining central-bank reserves. The recent Wagner Revolt triggered a $ billion run on the ruble as anxious Russians emptied their bank accounts. Some Russians have been heard suggesting the ruble be renamed the rubble … because soon it will be worthless.

USD to Russian Ruble (1998 to present)

You will note that the weakening of the Ruble began when Putin invaded Crimea in 2014. There was a trading spike in February 2022. As you can see Russians are worst off today than before Putin took power as President.

At the beginning of the Russian – Ukraine conflict in February 2022 the inflation rate was 8.9 % up from 2.9 % in 2018. In early-2023 the inflation rate was around 16.7 % with food prices increasing at a rate of nearly 20% in some urban centers. In comparison the inflation rate in the European Union is around 6 %. The world average inflation rate is between 3 and 5 %.

Over 2,000 foreign business have closed their Russian operations and have exited Russia since sanctions were put in place after the Russian invasion of Ukraine in February 2022. This resulted in a net outflow of capital in 2022 of around $ 250 billion which represents 12 % of the Russian GDP. Compared

to Jan 2022 the GDP of Russia is down from 2,215 Billion USD to 2,063 Billion USD a 6.8 % drop. The 2022 Russian GDP is now comparable to the 2014 GDP in Russia when Putin invaded the Crimea.

In 2022 over $ 640 billion of Russian assets in foreign banks were frozen. This was as a result of sanctions imposed on Russia for their invasion of Ukraine. The interest of many of these sanction accounts are now being directed to infrastructure rebuilding in Ukraine.

It has been reported that the Putin Government has expropriated the remnants of many of the foreign businesses who have exited Russia and their assets have been sold off to Russian oligarchs. One Oligarth who is known as *The Nickel Man* has procured 1/3 of these expropriated assets. Nearly half of the assets that were recently expropriated by the Kremlin, amounting to 1.6 trillion rubles, or almost $18 billion, was acquired by Vladimir Potanin, a Russian oligarch with close ties to Putin and Russia's richest man. Potanin is the president of *Norilsk Nickel*, the world's largest producer of high-grade nickel and was sanctioned last year by the UK and the US.

Russia under President Putin has been described as a *Klpetocracy*. A *Kleptocracy* is defined as a government whose corrupt leaders use political power to expropriate the wealth of the people and land they govern, typically by embezzling or misappropriating government funds at the expense of the wider population. The King of the Russian Kleptomaniacs is Vladimir Putin who is reported to be worth over $ 200 billion in 2023 USD due to stocks

grifted him by his oligarch friends. If this is indeed correct Putin is one of the wealthiest men alive. His annual salary as President of Russia is $ 140,000.

On the streets of Russia the average Russian is trying to cope. It is reported the *shadow economy* of Russia is now around 50% of the GDP. The shadow economy is where people work off the books, or transact without paying taxes on their transactions.

Nearly a million men of conscription age have fled Russia as draft dodgers to avoid being sent to Ukraine as cannon fodder.

Putin reminds me of General Galtieri of Argentina who when confronted with a disasterous economy in the early 1980's decides to make war with the UK over the Falkland Islands. Putin has decided to make war in Ukraine to hide the fact he is the single and most significant cause of the decline in the quality of life, the declining economic and political prestige of Russian and and the cause of the decline in the happiness of the average Russians.

Putin needs to point to the outside world and say they are the cause of Russia's present hardship.

My neighbor immigrated to New York from Leningrad (now once again St. Petersburg) in the 1980's. He tells me that rumor has it on the streets of St. Petersburg that Vladimir Putin has a picture of Joseph Stalin in his bedroom and believes all he has to be is a man of steel to succeed.

My neighbor also tells me that native Russians in St. Petersburg know him as маленький грузин, который обманывает и ворует …

the little Georgian who cheats and steals!

Vladimir Putin is Georgian and Not Russian by Sedyye Volosy

[**St. Petersburg**] On June 1st 2023 a 97 year old woman died in a poor hamlet in Georgia, one of the former republics of the USSR. Her named was Vera Putina and since 1999 she has repeatedly claimed to be the biological mother of Vladimir Putin. Vera died of 'old age' in the capital Tbilisi was buried in her native village of Metekhi.

Vera Putina in 2008

Vera Putina claims to have given birth to her illegitimate son after an affair with a married man. There is no reason to doubt her.

Vera alleged that Putin was her third born son, and that the first two died, one in infancy and one of starvation. Records from the archives of the the closet

town to Metekhi, show a Vladmir Putin was indeed registered at a village school from 1959 to 1960 and was born Georgian, not Russian.

Here is a picture of Vera and her son, who bears a remarkable resemblance to President Vladimir Putin right down to the shape of his ears.

Vladimir Putin age 4 (picture from Vera Putina)

Vera claimed that she sent Vladimir away to Russia when he was just 10 years old, after he suffered a childhood of abuse and neglect from his stepdad, Georgi, while they lived in poor town called Metekhi, in Georgia.

The young Putin was sent for safe keeping with his grandparents. Putina believed that the St. Petersburg-based "parents" referred to in Putin's official biography adopted her son from his grandparents. As a young teenager he became a juvenile truant and a street hooligan in St. Petersburg.

Vladimir Putin age 10 (picture from Vera Putina)

Vera said of Georgi's abuse against Putin: "He didn't beat Vova, but he didn't hide his dislike towards him. He'd often threaten that he'd kick "*the bastard*" out of his house. "The day would go by without him saying a word to the child. Vova was suffering, and hated him, but he was also afraid of the man and didn't dare to raise his voice."

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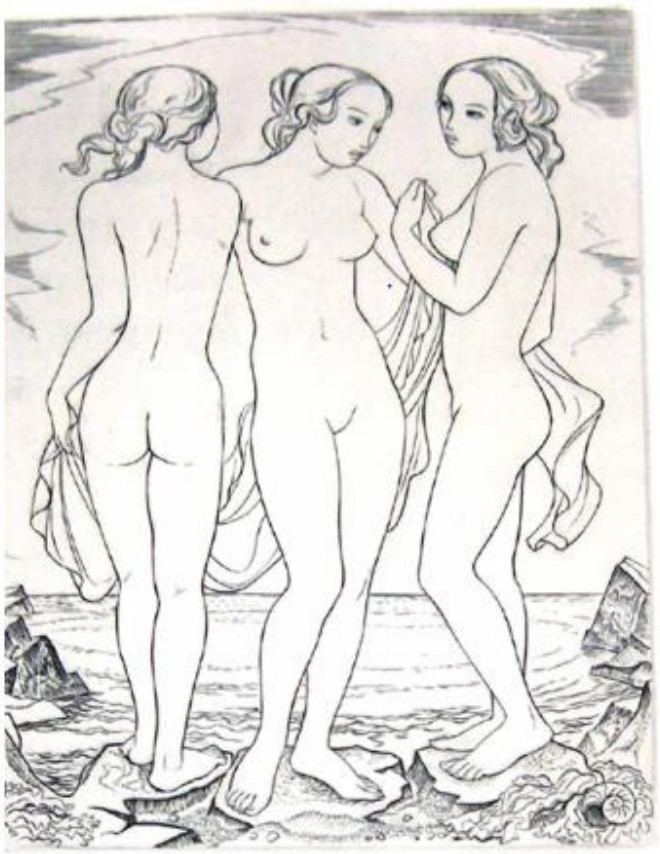

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Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

Russia sends Obsolete Tanks to Battle in Ukraine, Moscow Times

Full Title: Russia sends Obsolete Tanks to Battle in Ukraine Amidst Staggering Artillery Losses
by Bashir Kitachayev
{First reported in *The Moscow Times*}

Russia has resorted to sending aging, Soviet-era tanks to the battlefield in Ukraine in a desperate bid to compensate for its staggering artillery losses, experts and analysts have said — but with mixed results.

According to the Dutch OSINT project Oryx, Russia had by May 31 lost over 2,000 tanks out of the 3,000 combat-ready vehicles of its original reserve when it invaded Ukraine 17 months ago.

As these losses have piled up — and as it lacks the capacity to refurbish more modern tanks at the rates needed — Moscow has increasingly brought outdated Soviet-era T-54, T-55 and T-62 tanks out of storage and to the frontline, even as Ukraine receives increasingly advanced artillery from its Western allies.

These tanks are ill-equipped to fulfill their intended combat roles on the modern battlefield. Outdated optics, surveillance systems and fire control systems, coupled with inadequate protection against modern anti-tank weaponry, significantly hamper their effectiveness.

As a result, Russia has largely used them as a substitute for self-propelled artillery — as well as loading them up with explosives and sending them forth as kamikaze vehicles.

A video that emerged last month showed a lone Russian T-55 tank maneuvering toward Ukrainian positions. The tank triggered a mine and came to a halt before an anti-tank missile fired by a Ukrainian soldier engulfed it in a burst of flames. Observers have since speculated that the tank was used as a kamikaze vehicle.

“Can terrorists use a car filled with explosives to attack people? We know they can. Can an organizationally degrading army, turning into a conglomerate of irregular formations, use equipment stuffed with explosives, like ISIS did? Well, it has been doing this for a year now,” independent military expert Pavel Luzin told *The Moscow Times*.

News of Russia's resurrection of T-54/55 museum tanks for active duty first surfaced at the end of March, when videos circulated on social media of the aging vehicles being transported by rail. Prior to this, Russia had also sent retired T-62 tanks to the frontline.

Experts initially posited that Russia was resorting to such measures to compensate for the considerable tank losses it had sustained.

The T-54 tank originated from Soviet tank development efforts in World War II and was manufactured from 1947-1959. Its modified version, the T-55,

remained in production until 1979. The T-62, an evolution of the T-55, was produced between 1962-1975.

Different countries, including Russia, pursued various modifications of the T-62 and T-55/54 until the early 2000s in an attempt to extend their lifespan. It was not until the early 2010s that the Russian army retired these tanks, consigning thousands to storage facilities with plans for their eventual disposal.

In its war against Ukraine, Russia found a way to make the outdated tanks useful at the frontline — albeit in an unorthodox way.

Moscow has used these tanks in place of its self-propelled artillery, which has also incurred significant losses, Luzin said. This method, known as “closed firing positions,” involves firing the tank's gun from concealed cover, mimicking the trajectory of a howitzer.

“Essentially, this is a one-time use of a tank,” Luzin said. “A tank barrel's lifespan is three to four times shorter than that of an artillery gun barrel. For instance, the T-62 can fire at best 500-600 rounds of high-explosive shells. In this role, the T-62 and T-55 are expendable.”

As Ukrainian forces pursue their counteroffensive in the Zaporizhzhia region, they have encountered Russian defensive lines fortified with T-62 and T-54/55 tanks that were partially buried, effectively transforming them into

remotely controlled long-term firing positions, Ukrainian expert Vladislav Seleznyov told the U.S.-funded Current Time broadcaster.

The pro-Russian Telegram channel Military Informant also reported the deployment of obsolete tanks instead of the scarce self-propelled artillery, with T-54/55 tanks replacing lost self-propelled artillery pieces within some artillery battalions. The channel has even released a video showcasing the use of T-62 tanks in this manner.

Azerbaijan also deployed T-55 tanks as self-propelled artillery during the Second Karabakh War in 2020, despite these vehicles having been officially decommissioned.

Such tactics cannot replace specialized artillery. Due to the design features of these vehicles and their ammunition, they are not capable of firing at the same distances as self-propelled guns. Russia is still compelled to keep its old tanks close to the frontline, where they become vulnerable targets for Ukrainian artillery.

Although Russian storage facilities house larger numbers of the more modern T-72 and T-80 tanks, challenges related to refurbishing these tanks further impede their swift reintegration at the frontline. Experts estimate that only 60-90 vehicles can be restored each month, compared to Russia's monthly tank losses of approximately 150.

There is also a paucity of imported electronics due to international sanctions, meaning the latest modification of the T-72 tank was not equipped with advanced French-made thermal imaging systems, but with inferior Russian alternatives.

Luzin confirmed that Russia lacks the capacity to rapidly deploy substantial numbers of modern tanks to the frontlines.

"The T-72 and T-80s [currently in storage] require repairs and modernization. The T-62 and T-55 are easier to restore," Luzin said.

Ukraine has also employed a variant of the T-55 tank known as the M-55S, which was developed in the 1990s by Slovenian and Israeli defense firms. The upgraded tanks boast a new engine, a more powerful 105-mm British gun, modern fire control systems and supplementary dynamic protection.

“M-55 is a deep modernization of the T-55. Of course, it surpasses the T-55 in terms of capabilities and ergonomics. In general, even the Soviet equipment that the countries of the Warsaw Pact produced, without any upgrades, turned out to be better than what the U.S.S.R. itself produced due to ergonomics and comfort for the crew,” Luzin said.

Forbes, citing independent experts, reported that Russia is losing in the “artillery war” against Ukraine, incurring significant artillery losses since the start of Kyiv’s counteroffensive in June. The Ukrainian military has demonstrated high effectiveness in counter-battery combat, Forbes’ sources

said. As a result, it is likely that Russia will increasingly rely on ersatz artillery in the form of outdated tanks.

Because of equipment shortages, the Russian military attempted to employ a certain number of T-62 tanks for their intended purpose. These tanks were fitted with dynamic protection against anti-tank missiles and thermal imaging systems to enhance crew survivability.

However, these outdated vehicles failed to achieve any meaningful success and were easily destroyed by anti-tank weaponry. Some of these tanks were used on the battlefield without any additional protection and suffered heavy casualties as a result.

During Ukraine's counteroffensive in the Kherson region in the fall of 2022, the majority of Russia's T-62 tank losses were captured vehicles. Russian crews apparently abandoned these obsolete tanks, unwilling to engage in battle from such vulnerable vehicles.

Luzin suggested that the recent kamikaze tank attack is also indicative of Russian tankers' reluctance to fight using outdated and unsafe vehicles.

"Put yourself in the soldier's shoes. You receive orders to attack, but you don't want to execute them. So, you load the tank with explosives, send it forward, the driver engages full throttle, blocks the gas pedal, jumps out of the tank, and the tank explodes en route," Luzin said.

“You report back: 'We carried out the offensive, lost a tank, but saved the crew, and retreated. We are unable to launch an attack.' Better yet, in the coming days, you don’t receive any new orders.”

Ukraine's Tank Numbers Now Equals Russia's, Moscow Times

{First reported in *The Moscow Times*}
6 July, 2023

Ukraine and Russia's tank numbers are now roughly equal to one another's, Bloomberg reported Thursday, citing the Kiel Institute for the World Economy and the Oryx open-source analysis website.

The figures underscore the extent to which Russia's advantage in heavy weapons has been reduced since it sent troops into Ukraine over 16 months ago.

According to the Kiel Institute's Ukraine Support Tracker, Russia has lost over 2,000 of the 3,417 tanks which it used to invade Ukraine in February 2022.

Oryx estimates that the Russian army now has about 1,400 tanks remaining.

Ukraine in comparison has lost 550 of the 987 tanks it had at the start of the invasion and has managed to capture 545 Russian tanks, according to Oryx. Western allies have transferred 471 tanks to Kyiv, with an additional 286 expected to arrive soon.

In total, the Ukrainian Armed Forces are estimated to have approximately 1,500 tanks.

Yohann Michel, a land warfare specialist at the International Institute for Strategic Studies (IISS), told Bloomberg that despite having equal tank numbers, Ukraine will still struggle in its counteroffensive against Russia.

“The problem is that Ukraine now needs to regain territory, so it’s on the offensive against well-prepared defenses and for that you need a strong advantage,” Michel said.

Bloomberg also noted that there may be inaccuracies in the reported data due to the fact that actual tank losses are classified as state secrets by both Russia and Ukraine.

There is also a lack of information regarding the number of replaced tanks and artillery pieces.

History

My Spy Story by Sir Winston Churchill

There is a well-defined class of people prone to ‘Spymania’ and whose minds are peculiarly affected by anything in the nature of espionage or counter-espionage. The War was the heyday of these worthy folk in every country. No suspicions were too outrageous to be nourished, no tale too improbable to be believed, and the energies of thousands of amateur and irregular detectives reinforced at every moment and in every district the stem and unsleeping vigilance of the public authorities. There is no doubt that these voluntary activities, although they led to the discovery of innumerable mare’s nests and often inflicted unmerited sufferings upon individuals, constituted on the whole an important additional element of security. Sharp eyes followed everybody’s movements; long ears awaited every incautious expression in the streets, in the public conveyances, on the railways, in the theatre, in the restaurant or tavern; tireless industry unravelled to the third and fourth generation the genealogy of all who bore non-British names or who had married foreign wives. During the air-raids, when national excitement was fanned by anger and alarm, no match could be struck which was not noticed, no chink of light could escape from a carelesslycurtained window without instant complaint and swift information to the Police. Thus did whole communities protect themselves against the subtle peril which dwelt privily in their midst.

In the higher ranges of Secret Service work the actual facts in many cases were in every respect equal to the most fantastic inventions of romance or melodrama. Tangle within tangle, plot and counter-plot, ruse and treachery,

cross and double-cross, true agent, false agent, double agent, gold and steel, the bomb, the dagger and the firing party were interwoven in many a texture so intricate as to be incredible and yet true. The Chief and the high officers of the Secret Service revelled in these subterranean labyrinths, and amid the crash of war pursued their task with cold and silent passion. There has been disseminated by spontaneous efforts of the public Press from time to time the theory that John Bull, especially under Liberal administrations, is a simple sentimentalist, without care or forethought, and a ready dupe of continental craft and machinations. This too perhaps had its utility. In fact however it is probable that, upon the whole, during the War, the British Secret Service was more efficient and gained greater triumphs, both in the detection of spies and in the collection of information from the enemy, than that of any other country, hostile, allied or neutral.

Here is my own true spy story, and the only one with which I have ever been directly concerned.

{***Editor's Note***: Winston Churchill wrote this essay in 1932 before his involvement in the many intrigues of the Second World War 1939-1945}

In September, 1914, the state of our northern war harbours caused us lively anxiety. In all our Channel ports there were anchorages secured by moles and breakwaters, and the gates to these were closed with nets and booms capable of resisting not only the entrance of a destroyer or submarine but of stopping a torpedo fired through from outside. But the Fleet had now moved to the North, and since Rosyth was not yet completed, it used in general the

enormous anchorage of Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands, or alternatively Cromarty Firth a little to the southward. Up to the outbreak of the War the only danger which had been apprehended in these northern harbours had been an attack by destroyers; and against these, temporary booms and improvised batteries, rapidly called into being in the early weeks of the War, were held to be a sufficient defence. But now in September the fear of the submarine actually coming into the harbours and attacking the sleeping ships laid its pressure on every responsible mind. Once this idea had been formed it was insistently magnified in everyone's consciousness. Alarms were raised by night and day without foundation. Periscopes that never existed were seen, and more than once the whole Grand Fleet proceeded to sea in order to find on the broad waters that assurance and safety which it had lost in those places of rest where above all it ought to have been able to feel secure. At this time therefore, while measures of netting the northern harbours with antisubmarine obstructions were being pressed forward with feverish activity, the Grand Fleet was encouraged to change its anchorages at frequent and uncertain intervals. Sometimes in the North, sometimes on the East and sometimes on the West coast of Scotland the great vessels which were our safeguard and on which the issue of the whole war depended, found a series of temporary habitations. The solitary condition of their safety was that not one single enemy should know where they were and that they should not remain in any one place long enough for anyone to find out. We were therefore passing through a period of exceptional tension.

I had occasion to visit the Fleet in order to discuss personally with the Commander-in-Chief these and other urgent problems, and one evening, in

the middle of that trying September, I travelled from London in a special train with several high officers and technical authorities from the Admiralty. Our train pulled up at daybreak at a wayside station somewhere in the Highlands, and from here a motor trip of 50 or 60 miles would take us to the Bay on the West Coast in which the Grand Fleet was at that moment sheltering—one cannot refuse to say 'hiding'—from a danger which though exaggerated by our imaginations, was also terribly real, and potentially fatal.

We started off by motor in a clear delicious autumn morning, myself, my Naval Secretary, the Director of Intelligence (now Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Oliver), and a Flotilla Commodore since renowned as Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt. It was a charming drive through the splendid scenery of the Scottish Highlands, and absorbed in the topics we were to discuss with the Commander-in-Chief, to which swift motion, cool air and a changing landscape were an agreeable accompaniment, we said little to one another. Suddenly the Flotilla Commodore, who was sitting in the back of the car with the Director of Intelligence, said so loud that I could hear him, 'Look, there is a searchlight on the top of that house.' 'What's that?' I said, turning round, following with my eye the gaze of the two officers. But before I could see what had struck their attention the car swung quicklyround a comer and the object, whatever it was, was invisible. 'A searchlight, sir,' said the Commodore, 'is mounted on top of one of the houses over there' (pointing). A searchlight, I must explain, is a considerable apparatus of about the size of a big drum.

'Surely,' I said, 'that is unlikely in the middle of the Highlands.'

‘Sir,’ said the Commodore, ‘I know a searchlight when I see one.’

‘Well, but what could it be for, why should we have mounted one here? Do you know anything about it, Admiral?’

The Director of Intelligence knew nothing. He was sure however that it could serve no British naval purpose. On the other hand both officers were certain they had seen it.

In war-time everything that is unexplained requires to be probed, and here we were confronted with a complete mystery. We racked our brains for the rest of the journey and no one could suggest any reasonable or innocent explanation.

At last the road went winding downwards round a purple hill, and before us far below there gleamed a bay of blue water in which rode at anchor, outlined in miniature as in a plan, the twenty Dreadnoughts and Super-Dreadnoughts on which the command of the seas depended. Around them and darting about between them were many scores of small craft. The vessels themselves were painted for the first time in the queer mottled fashion which marked the early beginnings of the science of *Camouflage*. The whole scene bursting thus suddenly upon the eye and with all its immense significance filling the mind, was one which I shall never forget. Not a house, not a building ofany kind disfigured the splendid hills and cliffs that ran down'on either side to ocean water. Yet gathered together in this solitude and narrow compass was the

floating steel city with its thirty or forty thousand inhabitants upon whose strength, loyalty, courage and devotion our lives and freedom, and as we may perhaps assert still the freedom of the world, from minute to minute depended. Last night not a vessel had been there; to-morrow morning perhaps the bay would again be empty; but to-day the vital and all-powerful instrument of the world war was reposing on its bosom.

'What would the German Emperor give,' I said to my companions, 'to see this?'

'He would have to get the news back,' said the Commodore, 'if he was to do any good with it.' 'And then,' added the Admiral, who was a man of facts and figures, 'it would take about forty-eight hours before anything could get at us.' 'But,' I persisted, drawn on by the sombre current of reflection, 'suppose a submarine flotilla were lurking about behind some of the islands and suppose a Zeppelin came over and saw the Fleet, couldn't she tell them and lay them on at once?' 'By day,' was the reply, 'she would be seen and we should put to sea, by night she would probably not see the Fleet. The whole coast is full of bays.'

'Suppose there was a spy on shore who signalled to the Zeppelin, and that the Zeppelin without coming near the bay signalled to the submarines,' 1 persevered. 'Suppose, for instance, sir,' responded the Admiral, 'someone had a searchlight … '

Then we went on board the Iron Duke, and all the morning we were locked in conference on the many grave matters which had to be discussed with Sir John Jellicoe and his Admirals, nor was it until we lunched on board the Flagship that anything like ordinary conversation was possible. Then someone started the topic of the searchlight forty miles inland on the top of what looked like a shooting-lodge in the middle of a deer-forest.

'We have seen a very suspicious thing this morning,' I said only half seriously to the Commander-in-Chief. 'What do you think of it yourself?'

'Whereabouts was it?'

My companions explained the general position. The Commander-in-Chief paused and reflected before he answered, then he said, 'There might be something in it. We have heard several bad rumours about that place.' He mentioned the name of the shooting estate. 'It is said that there are a number of foreigners there. We have had a report that an aeroplane had an accident there before the War, and also that one has been seen in the neighbourhood since, which we were not able to trace. Anyhow,' he added, 'what do they want a searchlight for?'

I said to the Director of Intelligence, 'You are a properlyconstituted authority under the Defence of the Realm Act, are you not?' 'You mean, sir,' he replied, 'that we might go and look them up ourselves on the way back.' 'If we have half an hour to spare,' I answered, 'we might just as well find out what the searchlight is wanted for.'

It was dark when our conferences were finished, but before leaving we requisitioned four pistols from the armoury of the Iron Duke and put them under the seat of the car. As we swept along through the night I could not help thinking perhaps we might fall into a hornet's nest. If the sinister hypothesis was justified, if the searchlight was an enemy signal and a Scotch shooting-lodge a nest of desperate German spies, we might receive the sort of welcome the police had had at Houndsditch. However, suspicion and curiosity went hand in hand, and the excitement of adventure spurred them both.

'We are quite close here now, sir,' said the Commodore, directing the driver to reduce speed, 'the entrance gate is in this clump of trees. I marked it myself this morning.'

'We had better get out,' I said, 'and walk up, and the chauffeur can report if anything goes wrong.' Accordingly with our pistols in our pockets we marched up the drive, and after a couple of hundred yards arrived at the entrance of a good-sized stone house at one end of which there stood a tall square tower. We rang the front-door bell. It was duly answered by a portly respectable butler. My three companions were in naval uniform, and the butler seemed startled at such a visit.

'Whose house is this?' we asked. The name was given.

‘Is your master at home?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ he said, ‘he is at dinner with the house-party.’ ‘Teh him that some officers from the Admiralty wish to see him at once.’

The butler departed and we pushed into the hall.

There was a pause, and presently the dining-room door opened and a clatter of conversation suddenly stilled, and out came a ruddy grey-headed gentleman who, as we thought with some perturbation, inquired, ‘What can I do for you?’

‘Have you got a searchlight on the top of your tower?’ asked the Admiral. I must interpolate here that I was still sceptical about the existence of the searchlight. If there were a searchlight, if that fact were established, I could not think of any alternative but treason. I was therefore startled at the admission which followed.

‘Yes, we have a searchlight on the tower.’

‘When did you put it up?’

‘Some time ago, two or three years ago, I think.’

‘What did you put it up for?’

‘To what do I owe the honour of this visit?’ countered the host, ‘and what right have you to put me these questions?’

‘We have every right,’ replied Admiral Oliver. ‘I am the Director of Naval Intelligence, and I possess full authority under the law to enquire into any suspicious circumstances. Will you kindly explain at once what you use this searchlight for?’

‘Ah,’ said the host, peering at me, ‘I recognize you, Mr. Winston Churchill.’ ‘The question is,’ I replied, ‘what do you use your searchlight for?’

There was a strained silence, and then the old gentleman replied, ‘We use it to locate the game on the hill-sides. From the tower we can see several of the beats, and the searchlight gleams on the eyes of the deer, and shows us where they are lying, so we know where to send the stalkers in the morning. And,’ he added, warming to his subject, ‘we can tell deer from cattle by the searchlight, as the glint of the eyes of the cattle is white and that of the deer has a greenish tint.’ This farrago of improbabilities and impossibilities confirmed my deepest suspicions, and I think those of my companions. At any rate we made no comment upon them.

‘We wish to see the searchlight,’ I said. ‘We wish you to show it to us yourself.’

‘Certainly,’ replied our unwilling host. ‘You will have to climb up the spiral staircase of the tower.’

‘You go ahead,’ we answered.

He opened a door leading out of the hall and disclosed the first steps of a stone staircase. We made a military disposition to guard against foul play. The Naval Secretary remained at the bottom of the stairs, and the Admiral, the Commodore and I followed the old gentleman up their winding course. At any rate we had a hostage, we had a stronghold and, outside the gate, we had a connecting link with unlimited reinforcements.

It was a high tower, and the stairs corkscrewed several times; at length, however, we reached the top and emerged on a fairly broad square platform with low battlements. There in the middle, sure enough, was the searchlight. It was a 24-inch medium Destroyer instrument, bolted strongly into the roof. It was, as far as we could see, quite capable of being used.

'Do you expect us to believe this story of yours,' I asked the old gentleman, 'that you use this searchlight to pick up game on distant hill-sides and that you can tell deer from cattle by the glint in their eyes?'

'Well, it is quite true, whatever you think.'

'You will have to give these explanations to the proper authorities. For the present we are going to dismantle your searchlight so that it cannot be used.'

'You can do what you choose,' he replied, evidently very indignant.

'We are going to,' I said, and we proceeded accordingly.

Then we descended the stairs, bearing with us various parts of the mechanism, and after sullen adieux we joined our motor-car outside the entrance gate.

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I have told this story exactly as it happened; but the most extraordinary part in my opinion is yet to come. There was nothing in it at all. The most searching investigations of the local and central authorities discovered no grounds for the slightest suspicion. The searchlight had been erected four years before and had apparently been used at that date for sweeping the hill-sides. It had not been used, according to overwhelming testimony, since the War began. It was not in fact capable of being used at the moment when we examined it. The owner ofthe house was a gentleman of high reputation and undoubted patriotism. He was entertaining a party of thoroughly respectable people. There were no foreigners in the house or on the estate. No confirmation could be obtained of the rumour which we had heard on the *Iron Duke* of an aeroplane accident on the estate before the War or of an unaccountable aeroplane having been seen in the neighbourhood. There was nothing in fact, except the searchlight on the castle tower and the unreasonable explanation given for its presence there.

Although the owner of the castle may have experienced a natural anger at this sudden nocturnal call and the suspicions which it implied, he could at least solace himself by the reflection that grounds far less disquieting had consigned many other persons during the war period to far greater

inconvenience; and for myself I say without hesitation that in similar circumstances I should do the same again.

{first published in *Thoughts and Adventures*, 1932}

Analysis

International Criminal Court Warrant issued for Vladimir Putin

[**The Hague**] Today, 17 March 2023, Pre-Trial Chamber II of the International Criminal Court ("ICC" or "the Court") issued warrants of arrest for two individuals in the context of the situation in Ukraine: Mr Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin and Ms Maria Alekseyevna Lvova-Belova.

Mr Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin, born on 7 October 1952, President of the Russian Federation, is allegedly responsible for the war crime of unlawful deportation of population (children) and that of unlawful transfer of population (children) from occupied areas of Ukraine to the Russian Federation (under articles 8(2)(a)(vii) and 8(2)(b)(viii) of the Rome Statute). The crimes were allegedly committed in Ukrainian occupied territory at least from 24 February 2022. There are reasonable grounds to believe that Mr Putin bears individual criminal responsibility for the aforementioned crimes, (i) for having committed the acts directly, jointly with others and/or through others (article 25(3)(a) of the Rome Statute), and (ii) for his failure to exercise control properly over civilian and military subordinates who committed the acts, or allowed for their commission, and who were under his effective authority and control, pursuant to superior responsibility (article 28(b) of the Rome Statute).

Ms Maria Alekseyevna Lvova-Belova, born on 25 October 1984, Commissioner for Children's Rights in the Office of the President of the Russian Federation, is allegedly responsible for the war crime of unlawful deportation of population (children) and that of unlawful transfer of

population (children) from occupied areas of Ukraine to the Russian Federation (under articles 8(2)(a)(vii) and 8(2)(b)(viii) of the Rome Statute). The crimes were allegedly committed in Ukrainian occupied territory at least from 24 February 2022. There are reasonable grounds to believe that Ms Lvova-Belova bears individual criminal responsibility for the aforementioned crimes, for having committed the acts directly, jointly with others and/or through others (article 25(3)(a) of the Rome Statute).

Pre-Trial Chamber II considered, based on the Prosecution's applications of 22 February 2023, that there are reasonable grounds to believe that each suspect bears responsibility for the war crime of unlawful deportation of population and that of unlawful transfer of population from occupied areas of Ukraine to the Russian Federation, in prejudice of Ukrainian children.

The Chamber considered that the warrants are secret in order to protect victims and witnesses and also to safeguard the investigation. Nevertheless, mindful that the conduct addressed in the present situation is allegedly ongoing, and that the public awareness of the warrants may contribute to the prevention of the further commission of crimes, the Chamber considered that it is in the interests of justice to authorise the Registry to publicly disclose the existence of the warrants, the name of the suspects, the crimes for which the warrants are issued, and the modes of liability as established by the Chamber.

The abovementioned warrants of arrests were issued pursuant to the applications submitted by the Prosecution on 22 February 2023.

Tradecraft

The Agent the Soviets Wanted Caught by Rebecca West

On June 13th, 1952, in King George's Park, Wandsworth, some officers of the Special Branch of the Metropolitan Police surrounded two men who had been sitting for over half an hour on a bench and were then on their way out to the park gates, and they told them that they were suspected of committing offenses against the Official Secrets Act, and must come to the local police station. One of the pair was a young man of twenty-four, William Martin Marshall, a radio-telegraphist in the service of the Foreign Office, and a native of Wandsworth. Through the bare preliminary reports and the blurred press photographs the fact stuck out that William Marshall was gangling and vulnerable, over six feet, and plainly once the kind of child that climbs out of its perambulator and crawls onto the railway line. He made no reply to the police officers. The other man was a stocky, balding, impassive middleaged Russian named Pavel Kuznetsov, who gave them the not-at-all disarming answer, "It is up to you to prove your suspicions," and at the police station claimed that he could be neither detained nor searched, and produced a certificate of diplomatic immunity showing that he was a Third Secretary at the Russian Embassy in London, but pointed out that it did not give him his proper rank. He had recently been promoted to Second Secretary.

With a blandness which later excited the Soviet Embassy to a protest, the police searched Kuznetsov, as they tersely put it, "before this information could be checked." Twenty-five pounds were found on him in pound notes, and some documents, which were interesting but not what the police had hoped for, since none of them led back to the man in Foreign Service

employment with whom he had been arrested. Again, through the bare preliminary reports a fact stuck out. Kuznetsov was not behaving as a man of his position would have been expected to behave in this predicament. He was guilty of indecision and inconsistency. He complained to the police that he had been arrested when he was walking in a park, which is no offense against the law. Then he simplified his complaint; he had been arrested when he was walking in a park with a man whom he did not know. In Marshalls presence he persisted that they had been strangers till that day. But when his statement was read back to him he withdrew the amplification, and went back to his first complaint: he had been arrested when he was walking in a park. Then he returned home, to his apartment in a converted Victorian house in a fading part of West London, where he lived with his pretty wife and his little son.

With Marshall the matter was much more straightforward. In his wallet they found a copy, written in his handwriting, of a confidential document which he had been given for the purposes of his work, and in his diary they found Mr. Kuznetsov's telephone number, and two groups of initials which looked like notes of the appointment which he had been keeping when he was arrested, and of another which he had arranged to keep in the same park at a future date, July 8th. Both of these appointments were bracketed with the words, "Day off." Marshall was employed at Hanslope Park, the out-of-town establishment which the Foreign Office maintains fifty miles north of London in Buckinghamshire. The boy also made a long statement in which he named seven other occasions on which he had met Kuznetsov during the last six months, and claimed that these were merely incidents in an innocent friendship, in which no question of loyalty was involved. But the police

charged him under the Official Secrets Act with having communicated to Mr. Kuznetsov information useful to an enemy, and of obtaining secret information.

The trial took place on July 9th and 10th. As soon as William Marshall had come into the dock it had seemed unlikely that any foreign power should have wished its agents to engage in activities which it desired to keep secret with this odd-looking boy, who was so pale and tall and thin, so easily identifiable by the most curious molding of his cheeks and the steep angle of his sloping shoulders. Every moment he spent in court made it appear less likely that the police had lied when they described him as showing signs of nervousness when he was being watched. They need not have been close to him to have made such a report. As he sat and listened to the evidence he continually pursed his lips, then pouted them, then abruptly compressed them and puffed out his cheeks, and finally tried to wipe out the grimace by stroking his mouth and chin with his very long fingers. Considering that strain had this manifest physical effect on him, it was against all probability that the Soviet espionage authorities should have chosen one of the Embassy staff to handle him.

It does not seem likely that Embassy officials often deal with such matters in these days. Very sensibly, the standard Communist routine provides that all espionage should be carried out by three persons. The first is the “source,” usually a national of the country in which the espionage is carried on, and the second is “the contact,” who takes it from him, who also is usually a native. The third is “the agent,” who is often a Soviet national and employed in a Soviet organization and delivers it to the local Soviet espionage headquarters.

This routine was varied in the case of the atomic spies, whose communications were regarded as so important that the contacts were cut out and they were handled directly by the agents, even though these were Soviet diplomats. This was not too rash a step, for it was during the war and the Russians knew that the Allies were treating them with complete confidence, and rightly divined that these diplomats were not shadowed. But it is now known that Nunn May handed over his information straight into the hands of Lieutenant Angelov, an assistant of the military attache in Ottawa, and that Fuchs's first contact was Simon Kremer, secretary to the military attache at the Soviet Embassy in London. There is therefore little doubt that the British authorities shadow Soviet diplomats, and the temperamental bias of the Soviet authorities must lead them to exaggerate rather than minimize the amount of shadowing that is done. It is therefore not to be understood why they sent a Second Secretary to deal with a source whose appearance was God's gift to any detective.

But even if it be granted that they had to take William Marshall as a source because for some reason they needed a radio-telegraphist in the British Foreign Office at this particular moment so badly that the certainty of early detection did not matter, and even if it be supposed that Marshall himself had somehow come to know Kuznetsov and insisted on dealing with him and nobody else, their choice of meeting place leaves the matter still enigmatic. Spies usually meet in private houses or in country lanes, if they think they are a long way from having excited any suspicion, or, if there is any doubt, in crowded streets or bus stops or subway stations, or in large saloons. If there are any documents to be passed the encounters will be very brief. Much of the information Marshall was accused of handing over, such as the code letters

for the various stations, would have been written down on paper. But Marshall and Kuznetsov met for leisurely meals at restaurants, at eight different restaurants, of which six were exactly the places one would have thought spies in general, and these men in particular, would avoid.

On January 2nd, shortly after Marshall had returned from Moscow, they lunched at the Berkeley, which is the London equivalent of the Colony, and three days later they dined at the Pigalle, a fairly grand restaurant which puts on a floor show, not far from Piccadilly Circus. Sir David and Lady Kelly might have been lunching at the Berkeley almost any day; and the Pigalle is the sort of place that a young diplomat might easily go after the theatre. At neither would one expect to see a young radio-telegraphist. It might be thought that Kuznetsov was trying to soften Marshall by giving him luxurious tastes, but that was evidently not the plan. For nine days later they lunched at the more popular Criterion. After that there were longer intervals between their meetings, because Marshall had gone to work at Hanslope Park and got back to London only on his leaves. It was three weeks before they dined together again, this time at Chez Auguste, which is in the Soho area. After dinner they went to a hotel in the Bloomsbury area frequented largely by prosperous businessmen from the provinces. Three weeks after that they lunched at the quiet and conventional Royal Court Hotel.

Not one of these restaurants was a mere nosebag. All of them were in the metropolitan nexus. Later Marshall and Kuznetsov were to eat in Wimbledon and in Kingston; and in such places a restaurant draws on a small, enclosed, local world, which will often find no clue to a stranger. But at these first six

appointments the two exposed themselves to the scrutiny of a sprawling and well-informed system. At any one of them it was possible that people at the next table might be diplomats, or embassy employees, and even probable that they might from time to time have attended a diplomatic reception. At any one of them the waiters belong to the upper circle of their profession, which has its own unwritten "Who's Who," far meatier than the printed version. At any one of them a table has to be booked. If Kuznetsov did the booking, it would be rash of him to give his own name, still more rash to give a false one; and if it were Marshall, the question might be asked at any moment, "Who is this young man who is going about with the Second Secretary of the Soviet Embassy?"

It was so little surprising that Marshall had landed in the dock that it was very surprising. It was comprehensible enough that when Inspector Hughes of the Special Branch told how he had arrested Marshall and found the copied document in his wallet and searched his room in his parents' home, there was no joy of the chase in his tone. Marshall's counsel put it to him that the young man had a blameless record and had been given an excellent character when he left the Forces, and the inspector drearily agreed. But he added with sudden and grim emphasis, "Better than normal." It was not clear what he meant. It might have been that he had been nauseated at having had to watch for months this pitiable young man shutting himself up in a mousetrap. It might also have been that that character was framed in such strong terms of recommendation that it appeared possible that at some point there had been fiddling with his papers by some unauthorized erson. Perhaps without his knowledge, persons who wanted to plant him in the Diplomatic Wireless Service might have seen

to it that he could produce a character which would make him him seem an exceptionally desirable candidate.

It was, after all, out in Egypt that it had first occurred to him to seek employment in that service.

But that was dissolved in the general doubt. This oddly reckless pair had behaved in a way bound to arouse in any reasonably cautious person the suspicion that Marshall was a criminal; but it seemed not at all certain that he was going to be convicted of any crime. There were two counts of the indictment which related to the copy of the document which was found in his wallet. One charged him with unlawfully obtaining the information in the document for the benefit of a foreign power; but the judge announced early in the trial that he was going to direct the jury to acquit Marshall on this charge, since it was information which had been given him in the course of his duties and he had made no effort whatsoever to obtain it. It was in fact the copy of a notice which was put up in each of the bays in which the radiotelegraphists worked. Another count charged him with recording the information for the benefit of a foreign power, and there seemed little doubt that he could be found guilty of this offense, since an expert graphologist had testified that the copy was written in his handwriting. But even this was not certain. Since it had been found in Marshall's wallet, and there was no evidence that he had ever taken it out since he originally put it in, it seemed possible that he would be acquitted of that charge with its imputation of a desire to help a potential enemy, and that he would be charged again with the very much lesser offense of wrongly retaining the information. But the gravity of the case, the element in it which

made his parents' distress reasonable enough, lay in the three other counts, which charged him with having on three dates communicated information to Kuznetsov which could be useful to a foreign power. And there was not a particle of direct evidence that there had been any such communication at all.

On the first date, April 25th, Marshall had been seen to go to the Thameside town of Kingston. There he met Kuznetsov, lunched with him at the Normandie Restaurant, and went with him to a public garden by the river where they sat on a bench for an hour and twenty minutes. Marshall was seen to take some papers out of his pocket, and he appeared to be explaining them to his companion; and he sometimes made a drawing on some paper laid on his lap, as if he were illustrating his explanations. If anybody halted in the neighborhood of the bench, he put away the papers; and when he left his friend and went home he looked nervous and worried. That was all the detectives could say. Nobody had overhead what he said, or seen him give any papers to Kuznetsov.

On the second date, May 19th, Marshall met Kuznetsov in Wimbledon High Street, close enough to his home in Wandsworth, and spent two hours with him in a restaurant. But neither then nor on their last meeting in King George's Park on June 13th was a word of what they had said taken down by the detectives, nor did any papers pass between them.

It seemed quite likely that he would be acquitted on these major charges until he went into the witness box to give evidence on his own behalf. There he damned himself. He was in all things a contrast to his parents. His swaying,

fidgeting height shot up out of the witness box, like the rootless saplings that grow out of the crevices of bombed buildings; it did not seem possible that he should have been the child of this amply made woman, this compact and vigorous father. The boy shifted from foot to foot as he testified in a high, weak voice, which the judge and the counsel found hard to hear. This reluctant trickle was different from the slow, full river of sighs and persuasive murmurs and passionate exclamations with which his mother had tried to suggest his innocence, or the cascade of words with which his father had tried to sweep away his guilt; and it was flowing in the opposite direction.

He told an incredible story of how he had come to know Kuznetsov. He said that when he had come back from Moscow he had found that he had failed to return a pass issued by the Soviet Government which all British Embassy personnel had to carry in case they were stopped in the city. Though it had been issued to him by the Embassy officials, he did not hand it back to the Foreign Office, and accounted for this absurdly by saying that he "did not want to involve the Foreign Office" if he should have handed it back before he left Moscow. He returned it to the Soviet Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, and not by post. He took it himself, and when he explained the purpose of his visit to the doorman, he was taken in to see Kuznetsov. He implied that this was the first time he had ever met him; but it is to be noted that Kuznetsov had been sent from London to Moscow the previous autumn and had been there during the last three months of Marshall's service in the British Embassy there. With him he had a conversation which immediately engendered a feeling of friendship. "We found," he said in his statement, "we had a good deal in common and we looked at life in the same way. I told him

I was still working at the Foreign Office and we agreed to meet again." He gave the duration of this conversation as a quarter of an hour.

In his statement he also said, "I gave him my address and told him I could not possibly meet him at home as my parents would not agree to such a proposition." Since he had also asserted that this friendship with Kuznetsov was of a perfectly innocent and personal nature, unconnected with the passing of information, he was cross-examined as to his reason for making that remark. He answered, "I told him that because my people's political views are opposed to my own." Neither the prosecuting counsel nor his own counsel had asked him whether he was a Communist, and it had not appeared in his statement. His vague complaint of feeling a social misfit at the British Embassy had not been accompanied by any avowal of Communist sympathies, and most people who had seen a vision of him being snubbed by arrogant diplomats and had thought of him as spying out of resentment against this humiliating experience saw him as doing it impetuously, as a young clerk who has had a talking-to from the boss might buy the *Daily Worker*, for a few mornings. The authorities had in fact had no suspicions regarding him. But he had now made it quite plain to the jury that when he went to see Kuznetsov he had already championed the Communist cause so definitely that it had caused disputes at home. The voices of his parents, asserting that he took no interest in politics but was absorbed in his records and his film magazines and his silk mats, sounded through the memory and their error now seemed touching and sacred.

Marshall made two more serious slips. He claimed that he had talked with Kuznetsov for the most part on political subjects: on the Russian way of life, on the division of Germany, on the war in Korea, on the unrest in Malaya. He explained that when he was sitting with Kuznetsov on the bench in the public garden at Kingston, he had been showing him papers on which there were written "general summaries of the news" and that the drawing he had shown him was a "map of parts of Russia in connection with the division of Germany." This was, of course, heartrending stuff. It would be unlikely that the Second Secretary of the Soviet Embassy, an able and experienced man of middle age, should have spent an hour and twenty minutes listening to "general summaries of the news" and looking at maps of Russia set before him by any radio-telegraphist of twenty-four; least of all by this radio-telegraphist, whose every word betrayed a simplicity of mind so great that its effect was as disconcerting as complexity; whatever he said he made the listener think back along winding routes in search of the naive misapprehension on which his view was based. The Attorney General suggested to him that on the papers there had been written the call signs of a number of wireless stations, and that the map he had drawn showed wireless circuits. This he denied, and he was asked again if he maintained that all he and Kuznetsov had talked about was Germany, Korea and Malaya. Tossing his long head he answered in a tart and ready tone, "Yes, and we exchanged cultural information on Moscow."

This perfect specimen of *Daily Worker* English dashed and depressed the court. Such words would come naturally only to a young man who had taken a linguistic tan from exposure to the fierce rays of Communist prose; and it

takes time to get a tan. This had, of course, no evidential value, and it should have had no effect on the jury, though God preserve any of us from saying sibboleth for shibboleth quite so clearly when we are on trial. But Marshall's third slip was something which the jury had properly to take into account. When he was asked about the copy of the secret document found in his wallet, he said, pouting, that he knew nothing about it. Peevishly he insisted on oath that he had not written it, that he had never transcribed the notice which was put up in his bay, and that he had no notion of how the copy came to be in his wallet.

He had asked the court to clear a high hurdle. To accept his story one would have had to believe that the police had obtained this document and specimens of Marshall's handwriting, and given them to a reliable forger to make a copy which could be fathered on Marshall, and then, after taking all that trouble, had planted it on the wrong man. For they would have had a water-tight case had they found it on Kuznetsov, but instead they found it on Marshall. It might be argued that the police shrank from the delicate international situation which would have been created had they found evidence that a Soviet diplomat had been acting as a spy; but they had shown no signs of shrinking from that hazard; they had, on the contrary, been advancing toward it with every sign of delighted appetite. They had, after all, searched Kuznetsov, after he had announced that he was Second Secretary of the Soviet Embassy, as they blandly said, "before this information could be checked." It was quite impossible to swallow Marshall's story; and it was no surprise to anybody that the jury found him guilty of the charge of having copied the document.

Kuznetsov had done worse than merely fail to coach Marshall in what he ought to say. It had been in his power to get Marshall acquitted, and he had not done it. For if he had come forward as a witness and had assured the court that he had in fact found pleasure in young Marshall's company, and had been edified by his views on the division of Germany and Korea and Malaya, and had exchanged cultural information on Moscow with him on a park bench, it would have been difficult for a jury to convict Marshall, particularly if Kuznetsov had spoken with a certain warmth. But nothing had been heard of Kuznetsov since a couple of days after Marshall's arrest, when a Soviet Security officer had called at his apartment and driven him and his wife and his little boy to the Soviet Embassy, where he had remained ever since.

That was considered by many to absolve him from blame for his desertion of his friend. They went on to say, "Poor chap, he'll be sent home now, and then his days won't be long in the land, considering how he bungled the job." But that conclusion was perhaps not entirely correct. It is possible to regard the trial as the result of reckless incompetence, which ventured on a change of plan when it was too late; to suppose that the acquaintance began in honest friendship, at which time Kuznetsov saw no reason why he should not be seen with Marshall in London restaurants, and that the thought of espionage only developed later, and drove the two to suburban trysts which offered real cover and would have been safe enough if they had not already attracted the attention of the security organizations. But the trail they left round the suburbs leads away from that supposition.

On April 25th, when Marshall and Kuznetsov visited Kingston, it was Friday, a popular shopping day, and there were plenty of people on the pavements to give cover for detectives. The pair went into the Normandie at one o'clock. The sole entrance opens into a bar, from which a narrow staircase with a sharp turn leads into the restaurant itself. There is no other way of getting in or out of the room. Upstairs the men took a table facing the door, which was visible from every other part of the room, for it is not large. Marshall's party, though he did not know it, occupied a seventh of the available accommodation. For there were twenty-one tables, and he and Kuznetsov had one table, the officers from the Special Branch were sitting at another, and a third was taken by the party of police from the Soviet Embassy, who, though Marshall would have been surprised to learn it, always shadowed him and Kuznetsov on their meetings.

After having eaten their meal in this goldfish bowl, Marshall and Kuznetsov walked away down a narrow street known as Water Lane, in which no boy of ten playing at sleuthing could have lost his quarry. They had before them an unusually large choice of retreats where they could have talked quietly and kept at a distance from any eavesdropper. A short bus ride would have taken them to Richmond

Park; and within walking distance, just over Kingston Bridge, on the other side of the Thames were Bushey Park and Hampton Court Park. Instead the two men went to Canbury Gardens. This is a riverside strip of greenery which solves a problem grave enough for a town which relies for much of its income on people who come to enjoy its prettiness, but also has its industries. Canbury

Gardens masks the gasworks and electricity plants of the town, and distracts the attention of the pedestrian from the covered dock where the barges discharge their cargoes of coal into an elevator. The Gardens run along the river for less than a quarter of a mile, and the depth is never more than a hundred and fifty yards and is at some places as little as fifty. There is a line of plane trees on the garden side of the tow path, with benches between them where one can sit and look over the glassy Thames at the opposite bank, where the weeping willows droop to their reflections, and the Georgian mansions are mellow in the green shade of the tall wetrooted trees. But there are never at any time many people sitting about in Canbury Gardens. Mothers with babies and very young children find pleasure there, and so do the elderly. But it is the river that captures the fancy here, and most people follow the tow path, looking inland only occasionally to see the bright flowers and shrubs. There are tennis courts on the town edge of the gardens, but the players usually enter them by a special gate.

If the two men had taken a bus to Richmond Park, or had crossed the river to Hampton Court or Bushey, they could have found an open space and set down their coats on the grass and spread out maps as if they were hikers talking of routes, and it would have been hard for the detectives to find an excuse for getting near enough to see what they were doing. In Canbury Gardens they sat down on one of the benches between the plane trees. They were therefore silhouetted against the waters of the Thames, and, as the bank faces westward, against the afternoon light. Marshall's sloping shoulders and his long narrow head must have been crassly identifiable, and when he took papers out of his pockets and showed them to his companion, and when he drew maps for him,

not a shade of the explanatory gestures could have been missed. It was ten days after Easter Monday, on which date Canbury Gardens goes into its summer routine, so there were piles of deck chairs set at various points from which visitors could pick up as many chairs as they needed and set them down where they pleased. The detectives following the pair could have stationed themselves on the lawns behind Marshall and Kuznetsov, at any distance from them which seemed most prudent, without doing anything which seemed remarkable. There were only two or three benches which could not have been covered by people sitting on deck chairs behind them, and these were overlooked by the windows of a tea house, which was open.

We know little about the next meeting of the two men, which took place on May 19th, not very far from Marshall's home, in Wimbledon. The evidence regarding it was given in closed court, and Marshall could not remember the name of the restaurant where they ate. But it appeared that they met in the open street in heavy rain. There comes to mind a note made by Ragov, the organizer of the Canadian spy ring, on the margin of a contact's report on a meeting with the scientist Dumford-Smith: "Was a torrential downpour; but he nevertheless came. Give instructions not come in the future in such weather, it is not natural." Marshall and Kuznetsov did not even behave as two men keeping an appointment in a storm would be expected to behave; they did not give each other a perfunctory greeting and then hurry off to shelter. It seemed to the watchers that they went through a curious conspiratorial ritual; that they met and passed without a sign of recognition, then turned back and went off together into a doorway. Marshall denied this, and indeed, from his demeanor in the witness box, it would be believed that

at that moment, peevish under the pelting rain, tense in his knowledge that he was defying authority, he might have weaved and fluttered so that the watchers were perplexed into inventing interpretations of his conduct which had no real basis. As Mr. Kuznetsov must have noticed long before, Marshall was constitutionally unfitted for underground work. Yet on June 13th the two men met at a trysting place which was even more exposed than the Normandie and Canbury Gardens, which could have been chosen, surely, only by someone who was saying "Take him. Oh, will you never take him? Take him, take him now."

This place where William Martin Marshall and the Russian diplomat Pavel Kuznetsov met on June 13th was very close to Marshall's home. It would have been quite impossible for Marshall to shake off any detectives who might have been shadowing him (as indeed they were doing, and as Kuznetsov must have suspected them of doing) during the short and direct walk which took him to King George's Park. The particular section of the park he sought was not the one prudent men would have chosen. Originally the park was a strip of open land alongside the river Wandle, about three-quarters of a mile in length, and between two and three hundred yards in breadth, which was continuous grassland, though cut into sections by two roads and several fenced and asphalted footpaths. Since the war a colony of prefabricated houses has been planted on one of the interior sections, so that there are now two separate King George's Parks, one on the north side of this settlement and one on its south. Two men who desired to talk in secrecy might well have arranged to meet within this colony and walked along its winding roads, or in the northern park, where there is a children's playground, a swimming-pool, and a restaurant to

attract crowds, several entrances, and a good many seats along the path which runs right round the grassland. But Marshall and Mr. Kuznetsov chose to go to the southern park, which is quite simply a playing field and nothing else. It is a rectangle of flat ground, about eight acres in extent, and there is not a yard of it on which a man might find cover. It is grass, save for a cinder track which runs along the western edge from a gate in one of the transverse roads to a gate in one of the transverse footpaths. Ten trees are planted along this cinder track and they shadow three benches. On one of these William Marshall sat himself down with his friend Mr. Kuznetsov.

It was on the bench nearest the gate to the footpath that Marshall and Mr. Kuznetsov had seated themselves. Again the young man had been tempted into a small and exposed position, even smaller and more exposed than Canbury Gardens. The path was only about two hundred yards long, and he could not stray from it, for it was seven O'clock and the expanse of grass in front of him was covered with children having their last game before supper. All three benches could be watched from behind by anyone who cared to enter the vegetable gardens on the lip of the Wandle. These were not market gardens, but allotment; that is to say, they were rented out to enthusiastic amateur gardeners who would choose this very time of day to pick up fork and spade and get to work. A detective could loiter there, smoking a pipe and looking wisely down at the celery and up at the beans, or along the rows of outdoor tomatoes, and keep two men under his eye without doing anything out of the ordinary. But the pattern of the hunt had hardened into a simpler form. The detectives settled down on the bench that was farthest away from the one on which the two men were sitting, near the gate into the road. After

ten minutes they decided they would like to be nearer and they moved to the middle bench. When the two men rose to leave, the detectives closed in on them. This must have been, in a sense, premature, for they had not seen Marshall pass any documents to Kuznetsov, which is what they must have wanted. But perhaps they moved in to prevent an open scandal, for it was obviously only a matter of time before the pair, in their dogged search for conspicuous meeting places, would arrive at the vestibule of Scotland Yard.

For there could be only one reason why Soviet Intelligence should have wished to seduce the awkward and inept child, William Martin Marshall, put him on a salver and serve him up to British Intelligence: to divert its attention from another and more valuable agent, possibly not British at all, who was working on so nearly the same field as Marshall that the British and American Intelligence authorities would think, having arrested him, that they had stopped the leak which had been troubling them and could relax their vigilance. So far so good for Mr. Kuznetsov. He could not have trussed Marshall up more competently had he been a professional poulterer and the lad a Christmas goose. Mr. Kuznetsov had even put in some fancy touches on which he was able to congratulate himself: prodigious cantrips on his way to his appointments which looked the very thing a not-too-clever spy would do if he were trying to throw detectives off his trail. But the other agent, the agent who was not Marshall, must be very valuable. He must indeed be enormously valuable if to cover him Soviet Intelligence deemed it worth while to stage this prolonged and elaborate farce, which involved the withdrawal from his duties of such a responsible official as Mr. Kuznetsov, even though that were only for a time.

{*editor's note*: Can you guess who this more valuable Soviet Agent was … or perhaps should I ask who *they* were?}

Spy Techniques of Genghis Khan by Richard Wilmer Royan

An order issued by a Mongol ruler on the borders of China lowered the price of fish in the markets of England in the year 1238, until forty or fifty herring could be bought for a shilling. This was, in part at least, an authentic stroke of secret service. The Mongol conquerors made use not only of spies in a brilliantly effective intelligence system but also of propagandists and were pioneers in that "attack on the rear," that barrage of frightfulness aimed at civilian morale. The inhabitants of Gothia Sweden and Fries, according to Matthew Paris, were prevented in 1238 by their growing fear of the oncoming Tartars from sending their ships as usual to the herring-fishery on the coast of England; and as there was no exports, the English market was glutted. Since we now know something more of the Mongol methods of preparation for attack and conquest than was understood in Western Europe for six hundred years, it is clear that agents of the Asiatic army commanders were far out in front of the actual invasion, laying down a "smoke screen" ofintimidating propaganda. The agents themselves are said to have been chiefly Russians. Not until 1241 was the Mongol general, Subutai, ready to launch his attack upon Hungary, whose people were the only branch of the Turko-Mongol race still remaining outside the authority of the successors of Genghis Khan. And after being frightened for three years, the inhabitants of Gothia and Fries had probably grown tired of their own intimidation and gone to buy fish again.

In the Spring of1221, Subutai and his equally successful companon- general, Chepe Noyon, had advanced into South Russia as far is the Donetz basin. Everywhere they established a stable military and civil administration.

Further, they organized an elaborate system of information to discover the weak points and rivalries of Europe. In this they found the Venetians quite willing to sacrifice the interests ofChristian Europe in order to gain an advantage over their great trading rivals, the Genoese. In return for Mongol help in ousting the Genoese trade centres in the Crimea, the Venetians acted as part of the intelligence service of the Mongols. But two years later Genghis Khan was moved to recall both Subutai and Chepe. They returned to Asia by way of the northern end of the Caspian; and when Genghis died in 1227, the programme of European conquest was indefinitely suspended …

The chronicler, Carpini, tells of the speed, silence, and invincible perfection ofthe Mongols' squadron evolutions, directed and controlled by black-and-white signal flags. We know of their peculiarly "modem" innovations of espionage and propaganda, reconnaissance and pony post. If, then, the unbeatable Subutai and his colleague, Kaidu, synchronized their annihilating strokes to fall upon successive days—April 9 and 10—we may safely assume that those Asiatic commanders of the thirteenth century were served by some unique system ofintercommunication, undetected even by the more alert European observers and so lost to surviving annals of the Mongol triumphs in the field. As a kind of peace delegate and spiritual envoy Fra Carpini was sent to the Court of the Mongol khan, soon after the terrifying; invasion of 1239-42, to urge that the Asiatic conquerors stop slaughtering Christians. Carpini, a brave and zealous man, seems instinctively to have exercised the talents of a first-rate spy. He returned to the West with comprehensive reports upon the "Tartars" and their armed strength, and exhorted all the rulers ofEurope to borrow the new and more effective military methods of the Mongols …

A demand for speed of communication, for accuracy and timeliness of information, led directly to the institution of secret service, to which the Mongols contributed with much instinctive cunning. We even find Subutai characteristically making his debut in the annals ofMongol conquest with a spy's ruse. He rode to an encampment ofTartars, explaining that he had deserted the Mongol khan and hoped to join their clan. He was so convincing that he made the tartars believe their Mongol foes were' not in the neighbourhood, and so they were quite unprepared when the main body of Subutai's companions fell upon them. This dodge seems to have worked again and again, Mongol agents being sent on ahead to pose as deserters and complain ofill-treatment while laying down a smoke screen of false intelligence.

The Golden Emperor of Cathay unwisely asked Genghis for Mongol aid in his continual war upon the ancient house of Sung in South China. Chepc Noyon— " with his weakness for wearing sable boots''—was sent with a force ofcavalry to fight beside the Cathavans while closely observing the riches of their land. Soon after the return of this spying expedition Genghis began preparing to invade Cathay, his first attempt upon a civilized power of superior defensive strength, and even now he launched his campaign by dispatching beyond the great wall a contingent of spies and scouts, who were "to capture and bring back informers." Espionage and artifice had a vital part in the Mongols' conquest of China. Chepe on one occasion pretended to abandon his baggage train but turned and rode back swiftly to overwhelm the

Cathayan garrison that had swarmed out of an impregnably fortified city to plunder the carts, supplies, and other lawful prizes of war.

In that year of 1214 Subutai was on detached service and ordered to study the situation in northern China. For several months the young commander virtuallty disappeared forwarding nothing but, an occasional routine report as to the condition of his horses. Yet when he returned he brought with him the submission of Korea. Having met with no serious obstruction he had simply pressed on—as he was later to do in Europe—until he found and subdued a new country. Wherever the Mongol army advanced, it carried along interpreters, mandarins to take over the administration of captured districts, and merchants who could becalled upon to act as spies. These traders seem to have been a nondescript lot, chosen from many nationalities. As the mounted horde of Genghis swept toward Cathay or Islam, a screen of skirmishers and scouts was thrown out in front ofeach column; while ahead of them travelled the merchant-spies, two or three together, diligently hunting information of every kind.

In addition to the merchants who acted as spies—or the spies who passed as merchants—there was in the Mongol armies a great variety of mercenaries, drawn from every comer of Europe and Asia. The fame of the Mongol conquests steadily increased the number of adventurers eager to find fortune in the ranks of the ever victorious; and an intelligence system on a war footing was bound to acquire intimate facts about all lands and peoples from this polyglot stream of recruits. Foreigners of military distinction took service with the generals of Genghis or his successors. After their occupation of Hungary,

Prince Batu and Subutai sent an expedition to ravage Austria, which was done with Mongol thoroughness. That expedition was under the command of an English Knight Templar who attained high rank in the army of the Asiatic emperor.

Genghis, as one habitually making use ofmilitary secret service, understood the value but also the menace of espionage and dealt harshly with those caught spying upon his forces. The Yassa was his code of Mongol laws, blending his own will with the more expedient oftribal customs; and the twenty-first ofthe twenty-two Yassa commandments which Petis de la Croix derived from Persian and other chroniclers was: “Spies, false witnesses, all men given to infamous vices, and black sorcerers are condemned to death.” Even so, in that fixed plan of invasion which Mongol generals followed with unbroken success until 1270, when the Mamelukes halted their advance upon Egypt; the second prescribed duty was the sending out of spies and thq.bringing in of captured informers, who must be questioned and made to give information that could be checked off against the report of the spies.

The Mongols are reputed to have first demonstrated to Europeans the deadly uses of gunpowder and to have popularized the Chinese invention ofpaper, which has ever since then made peace treaties so much easier to tear up. Their further introduction of efficient military secret service, intelligence, and staff communication was an example not soon hammered into the thick, warlike skulls of Western captains and kings.

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Science and Technology

Russian Spy 'Stole' Oxford/AstraZeneca vaccine

Full Title: Russian spy 'stole Oxford/AstraZeneca vaccine blueprint and used it to develop Sputnik jab' by Chiara Giordano
{first published in Independent, October 11, 2021}

UK security services have allegedly told ministers they now have solid proof an agent stole vital information

Russian spies stole the blueprint for the Oxford/AstraZeneca corona virus vaccine and used it to create their own Sputnik V jab, according to reports.

UK security services have allegedly told ministers they now have solid proof an agent stole vital information from the pharmaceutical company, including the blueprint, according to *The Sun*.

The late security minister James Brokenshire last year said that Britain was "more than 95 percent sure Russian state-sponsored hackers had targeted the UK, US and Canada in attacks on drug companies.

Home Office minister Damian Hinds on Monday refused to confirm the latest reports, but admitted cyber attacks were becoming more sophisticated.

He told LBC: "We live in world, I am afraid, where there is state activity seeking to engage in industrial espionage and economic espionage, there are cyber attacks that happen and so on.

“I won’t comment on the specific case that you mention because that wouldn’t be right to do in detail, but it would be fair to say, correct to say, that we face threats of this type that are different, they are more sophisticated, they are more extensive than they ever have been before.

“The face of espionage, the face of spying, is very different from when you and I were growing up and we need to constantly upgrade our capability. These are very serious matters.”

Tory MP Bob Seely, an expert in Russian affairs, told *The Sun* Britain needed to “get serious about Russian and Chinese espionage”.

He added: “Whether it is stealing the design for Astra- Zeneca or blackmailing us over energy by these authoritarian and totalitarian regimes, we need to get wise to them.”

Russia responded to last year’s allegations that it attempted to steal British Covid-19 vaccine research by suggesting the local vaccine was sufficiently ahead of the competition to have “no reason” to snoop.

Kremlin spokesperson Dmitry Peskov said at the time: “The British say that they are almost certain, or 95 per cent, confident in what they say.

“Why not 96 per cent? Or 94 per cent? It seems their security services have very peculiar calculation methods.”

North Korean hackers were also accused of targeting the coronavirus vaccine project led by the University of Oxford and AstraZeneca last year.

The hackers, who posed as recruiters on *LinkedIn* and *WhatsApp*, approached AstraZeneca staff with fake job offers, according to Reuters.

They then sent documents purporting to be job descriptions that were encrypted with malicious code designed to gain access to a victim's computer.

It is thought the attempts to access sensitive material targeted a number of research staff but were ultimately unsuccessful.

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Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

NLAW Antitank Missile- Specification Sheet (from SAAB)

The Next Generation Light Anti-Tank Weapon (NLAW) is the first ever single soldier missile system that rapidly knocks out any Main Battle Tank (MBT) in just one shot by striking it from above.

PROVIDING ANTI-TANK SUPERIORITY

The one-man-portable NLAW gives infantry the power to destroy immediately the most advanced MBT, wherever and whenever it appears within combat range, with only one shot.

NLAW is built upon well-proven technologies including warhead, guidance, fuze, confined space and insensitive munition. Further improvements, in combination with the latest state-of-the-art advances, have created a powerful and precise anti-tank missile system.

EXCEPTIONAL TECHNOLOGIES

Predicted line of sight (PLOS)

The soldier tracks the target for a few seconds before firing. The missile's guidance electronics record the soldier's aiming movement, and calculate the predicted target route and flight path from missile system to target.

Attack modes

Against tanks and other armoured targets, Overfly Top Attack (OTA) mode is used. The missile flies about one metre above the line of sight, and the warhead initiates above the target's roof – the most vulnerable part.

Against non-armoured targets, Direct Attack (DA) mode is used. The missile then flies on the line of sight, the sensors are disconnected and the warhead initiates on impact.

TACTICAL ADVANTAGE

Full effect on target

NLAW is optimised to destroy modern MBTs with add-on armour despite brevity of visibility or size of the target area. Using the proven OTA technology with an advanced fuze system, the missile always has a "full-size target" seen from above and strikes through the roof. The reliability and precision of NLAW enhances survivability on the modern battlefield.

As easy as aim and fire

NLAW uses state-of-the-art technology to achieve the highest possible effect upon impact and to overcome common firing difficulties, such as range estimation, wind direction and target speed.

The weapon is fully compatible with night vision goggles and any other clip-on night vision devices. Years of experience developing shoulder-launched weapon systems have resulted in an ergonomically optimised and intuitive weapon, with an outstanding Single Shot Kill Probability (SSKP).

PRODUCT DATA	
Weight	<13 kg
Combat range	20 m – 800 m
Guidance principle	PLOS
Attack modes	Selectable OTA/DA
Warhead	Single shape charge
Armour penetration	>500 mm
Confined space capability	Yes
Preparation time approx.	5 seconds
Intensive munition	Yes
Shelf life	20 years

RATIONAL IN USE

Easy to integrate

NLAW, a maintenance-free, disposable weapon is easy to integrate into existing operational and maintenance organisations. The system enables combat units to act with a true tank killing capability, down to individual soldier level in any scenario or environment.

NLAW is an easy-to-use system, and relatively little training is needed. No live firing is required, and both indoor and outdoor trainers are available for improving basic skills, as well as team and tactical force-on-force training.

Low risk investment

NLAW has a low Life Cycle Cost (LCC), with almost all costs going towards procurement, therefore reducing hidden expenses such as additional operation and support costs. Based on proven and improved technologies, the system meets the demanding requirements of Swedish and British procurement agencies.

COMBINING THE BEST CAPABILITIES

NLAW combines the simplicity of light anti-armour weapons with the advantages of heavy, crew-operated guided missile systems. An MBT can be destroyed upon target detection, without mounting a larger system, loading the weapon and, in some cases, completing a lock-on to launch sequence.

NLAW gives the individual modern soldier a weapon to stop and destroy almost any target with one shot – making it an invaluable support to other weapons, and creating the complete combat unit.

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